

THE COLLEGIAN



St. Joseph's College
COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA



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Mother

It seems to me, there ne'er can be
A name so sweet as mother.
Where'er I roam, astray from home,
I shall not think of other.

In childhood days, in infant ways
She e'er was near to help me;
When she was near, I had no fear,
I knew that none could harm me.

Dear mother sweet! thee do I greet!
Throughout life's span I'll love you;
In joy or pain, in sun or rain
I'll e'er be thinking of you.

Oh star of life, oh hope in strife,
Your words shall ever guide me;
Oh charm sublime, oh mother mine,
Your loving heart direct me.

And mother dear, tho' life be drear
I ne'er shall love another.

* * * * *

In heav'n above, where all is love,
You still shall be my mother.

—Marcellus Foltz, '28.

What John Heywood Did with the Interludes

For many centuries the drama, lacking in four very essential qualities, limped along quite lamely until John Heywood appeared upon the scene. This writer of rather exquisite interludes was to play the part of physician, though unwittingly, for the sickly drama and was to concoct the wizard's broth upon which the age-worn ecclesiastical play was to feed until it should become great, strong, and thoroughly perfect. Heywood, not being a surgeon in dramatic art, administered his medicinal remedies, though quite casually, in four well-defined corrective doses. His knowledge of life was not sufficiently thorough to enable him to rescue the drama from its crochety and crippled condition by any single stroke of superior genius, but by seemingly slight and almost imperceptible services that rose out of a quartet of his best interludes he laid bare for inspection by coming playwrights the fundamental elements that had to be combined in order to make the drama a perfect, vigorous, and living thing. This quartet of significant interludes comprises "Witty and Witless," "The Play of Love," "The Play of the Weather," and "The Four P's."

As musician, singer, and wit at the royal court of Henry VIII, Heywood in this position soon found himself involved in presenting bits of scenic performances that compelled him to bestow much thought on ways and means of exciting and holding interest. With this end in view, he soon came to realize that the more he allowed the purely human to enter into his dramatic skits, the more surely his endeavors evoked the desired response on the

part of his audience. Step by step, with the purely human ever before his eyes, he stumbled rather blindly now upon this, now upon that dramatic requirement; not, indeed, in successive plays, but at least in the four best pieces that have come from his pen.

Heywood did not sense the fact that he was dabbling with the highest form of literature, but he did feel that what he was doing had a close relation to human life. To his credit it must also be observed, that he came to understand that human life refuses to be bound by any chains whatsoever, and that a portrayal of life calls for spontaneity. In the plays that preceded his day, he found the dialogue formal and stiff; the characters wooden and lifeless; the plot disjointed and straggling, and the scenes merely haphazard. In all things the personal element was wanting. Whether he intended it or not, it is, nevertheless, an outstanding fact that in each of his four best interludes he remedies one of these defects.

Thus in "Witty and Witless," Heywood breaks away from the manner of speech that obtained in older dramatic productions. The usual stiffness and formality of dialogue are carefully avoided. Of course he was lead into naturalness of speech very accidentally, and the reason for this lucky hit is easily discovered. King Henry's court fool, Will Somer, had incurred Heywood's outspoken hatred and it was to gibe and humiliate Somer that this interlude was written. The author's very personal interest in the subject under consideration gave the conversation a perfectly free and racy character. In this manner—had Heywood only noticed it—the cramped and forced diction of former plays was overcome, and a new criterion for the construction of dramatic dia-

logue was set up. Unfortunately his advantage was not noted by the author, and fame, though well deserved, eluded his grasp.

In the spontaneous exhibition of passion, which is the fundamental requirement for interesting and pleasing scenes in all stage performances, Heywood excels in producing "The Play of Love." The very name of this interlude demands a show of passion, and the requirement is excellently fulfilled.

"The Play of Love" is a decided step forward over "Witty and Witless" in perfection, because in this little drama, the dialogue, outside of being natural is motivated by genuine and strong emotion. Wherever there is real attachment, self-interest and desire will suggest words that tingle with life. Lively conversation always produces attractive scenes. Now in all the interesting affairs of life there is hardly any incident that is more absorbing than is a tilt at argument where words are welded and bent into weapons to be flung with careful aim at the heads of overly eager contestants.

Before Heywood's time plays demanded a show of feeling, but this feeling took the form of zeal in delivering a lesson. In the interlude here under consideration, however, there is less real zeal, and more genuine passion. Thus a complete and neatly arranged scene is the result, which is a matter totally different from an ordinary living picture in which the personages seem to be grouped rather for photographing than for action. If it is required for the perfecting of a true dramatic idea that scenes should be animated and full of life, then Heywood unerringly pointed out another essential dramatic requirement in the interlude, "The Play of Love."

Jupiter presiding over a court of appeal hearing the complaints of people regarding the weather that

they might choose to have is the kernel of the plot used in "The Play of the Weather." A real plot is here in evidence, and one, too, that works steadily towards a climax which is reached in the words: "No one can please everybody." Diverse persons are made to appear before Jupiter, each one demanding a different kind of weather, so that at last Jupiter in utter perplexity finds himself at his wit's end.

With great tact Heywood advances every incident in this interlude in an orderly manner. This arrangement gives this little play a setting quite different from that as found in earlier dramatic attempts. A new element is working its way through this semi-farce, much like a larva that is slowly hatching through various transformations into a superior form, and in the windup another dramatic essential, until then hardly entering into the reckoning of playwrights, emerges and is forever afterwards known as "plot." In this particular, Heywood again made a discovery, if only he would have had the shrewdness to put it to good account, for then coming playwrights would have been forever indebted to him for the discovery of a dramatic essential that dare never be left out of account when the construction of actionable plays is contemplated.

That Heywood could tell a good story in dramatic form will become evident to everyone who takes the time to read "The Four P's." This interlude is said to be a parody on certain religious practices, but the reader will find that only certain idiosyncrasies and silly faults of individuals are satirized. The entire story revolves around a Palmer, a Potheary, a Pardoner, and a Peddler. These "Four P's" go in "cahoots" in the practice of knavery. But it is not their knavery that has gained credit for Heywood; rather it is the fashion in which he has delineated these

four knaves. Who would fail to detect in these four persons quite separate and carefully distinguished characters? Above all, the characters in a drama must possess individuality, and corresponding to this requirement the Palmer, the Potheary, the Pardoner, the Peddler may be said very truthfully to possess sufficiently distinct personalities to allow each to be recognized by traits and qualities peculiarly his own.

Up to the time of Heywood, it was considered sufficient by playwrights to exhibit characters made to order, machine-like products, who laughed, talked, wept, and walked according to the directions of the stage manager. In "The Four P's," however, all these purely human acts are the result of thought, conversation, and circumstance. Each of the "Four" speaks his own mind, goes his own way, and does his own planning. At all events the actors in "The Four P's" are individualized, and in drawing them as distinct entities, Heywood unwittingly set the best and earliest example for dramatists in the all-important dramatic essential, namely, the delineation of character.

In summing up what Heywood did with the interludes it will be much to the point to quote a recent authority who says in part: "In Heywood we see the emergence from the medieval habit of considering humanity as a whole, into the modern attitude towards realism and specific fact.—The service performed by his interludes was in getting away from formality. His farces begin comedy proper in the English drama. The development of a perfectly unified plot, which came later in classical comedy, was still necessary. In the possibilities of vital drama, however, Heywood was in advance of his time, particularly in the portraiture of individuals,

and to that goal, so essential to the real drama, Heywood was the first to lead the way."

Whatever may be Heywood's defects, his interludes stand like stars of at least tiny magnitude on the horizon of the dawning drama, and in spite of his defects it must be admitted that his is the honor of putting these stars in the skies of letters where they will perpetuate the memory of his remarkable service. This service he gave towards bringing to perfection that grandest of literary divisions, namely, the drama, which above all other divisions of letters is best adapted to holding up the mirror to human nature.

Joseph Shenk, '28.

The Professor Gets An Idea

Professor Alonsus Bartholomew Crane had just lit upon an idea. This was no event in itself, for he received inspirations rather quantitatively than qualitatively; but this particular notion seemed to affect him seriously. Pacing up and down in his small office at Hallelujah College, the home of the Hallelujahans, he was beside himself with glee. With no one to share his joy he was talking to himself, exclaiming that the long-hoped-for idea had come at last. Altogether, he was in that state of excitement and joy for which the Hallelujahans were constantly striving.

The Professor was a tall, thin personage—extremely tall, and extremely thin. A straggly growth of beard seemed to predominate his facial features. Instinctively you knew that this was one of those beards that, shaved every day, would still insist on

being noticed. These three facts, the Professor's tallness, his thinness, and his beard, and oh,—how could I forget it—his thin neck, and the Adam's Apple that kept forever bobbing, as he swallowed, like a cork upon a windy sea—these four features then, were what struck the beholder; and they struck so forcibly, that the impression was never forgotten.

The Hallelujahans were a sect of enthusiasts quite successful in running this Hallelujah College. The college was not anything extraordinary in itself, but the founder had had the genius to foresee that if a college has a good football team its success is assured. He had provided this "sine qua non," and success had followed. As far as classes went, there were no records of any serious casualties; and, as long as the money came in, the Hallelujahans were content to go on in the even tenor of their ways, and to let the athletic department use up most of the steam. Of course, the classes weren't entirely demoralized; some pupils stumbled across some knowledge, now and then; but otherwise it was a typical college.

The Professor's idea was a "wow." As a teacher he had quite established his indispensability at Hallelujah. One thing only worried him—and that haunted him by day and by night—his book. Every thought that percolated through his brain was fathered by the desire of culminating his life's usefulness by the perpetuation of his name through the publication of a book. Ideas had bobbed up and down only to vanish as so many mirages in moments of calmer deliberation, when inevitably his aesthetic psychosis suggested an excoriation of all vulgarism in language. All his life he had had an indomitable horror for slang in general and nicknames in particular—a real complex it was. Caught in an unguarded moment, however, he had picked up an article on "The Super-

efficiency of Slanguage." Curiosity only had moved him to read an essay so vulgarly entitled; nevertheless, some of the bacilli of thought, those insidious things, had seeped into his system. "And how!" they did attack him.

Antidotes? Antiseptics? Antitoxins? He had used them, one and all: books, and lectures, and suggestions, and auto-suggestion, and discussion, and correspondence, and pills, and medicine, patent and prescribed. Still, on they worked, those microscopic ministers of destruction, eating away one after another his former prejudices and idiosyncrasies. The Hallelujahans were at a loss to explain the change; but most of them thought he had a pretty healthy sickness, for he had reached a point of mental equilibrium, and had even forgotten about his book.

Then came a gradual blending into the symptoms of the second stage. Mere healthy reactions of a healthy mind no longer biassed by preconceived notions, these symptoms seemed still less alarming. Even the Professor had shed his worries. After all, he mused, "Why should a comprehension of the logicity of the figurative meanings of such common expressions as 'old hen, spry chicken, et al' be so shocking?"

"Dear me!" he said, "I am beginning to appreciate more and more the puissance of the present-day mode of expression."

But all was not as well as it seemed. Possibilities of serious complications lurked in the background—not so far back either. With the change of the mental attitude of the Professor had come a revolution in the method of his teaching. Uncurbed by the former prejudices of their master, the students could now give free expression to their thoughts and emotions, so long repressed; and, with

the tasks so much more compatible with their notions of what they ought to be, classwork took on an activity that was astonishing. Class assignments were symposiums; symposiums brought on a wealth of new ideas; and ideas brought back his ancient urge to write a book.

Though the authorship fever ran higher than ever before, the favorable reactions of his class work gave him untold power of resistance. But, the crisis was not yet past. It happened that one day after class one of the girl students had importuned him for a special explanation. Of course, he gave it cheerfully. She thanked him very profusely (it was two days before the examinations) and said that he was such an old dear. He took a second look at her beaming face as she was leaving the room and then said to himself: "Now, that beats all—a professor is a deer." Yet dear! how that deer did sound dear. Oh the charm, the inspiration, the vigor, and the impressiveness of language unfettered by conventionalities! To think that for years he had insisted on the old proprieties almost made him faint. He owed the world an apology. His book could be postponed no longer.

Five months had passed. It was once more the good old football season, the early part of October. Professor Crane has spent his summer fruitfully on his book. Even this week, the proofs had been returned to the publisher, and now the books were beginning to roll off the press. He felt that he had been highly successful in his endeavors. Fame was just around the corner, peek-a-booing him. To let you judge for yourself the merits of the book, dearest reader, I am appending a page clipped at random.

PROPOSITION V. Theorem

Man is an animal.

PROOF—All living things are plants or animals
(Biology).

Man is a living thing (Prop. IV).

Man is not a plant (Biology).

THEREFORE—Man is an animal. Q. E. D.

NOTE—This is a very fundamental proposition.
For historical verification consult H. G. Wells' "Out-
lines of History."

PROPOSITION VI. Theorem

A grouchy old man is a bear.

PROOF—A bear is an animal (Zoology).

A bear is a grouchy animal (observation
and experience).

THEREFORE—A grouchy old man is a bear (by Ax.
8). Q. E. D.

Corrolary—A professor is a deer.

PROPOSITION VII. Theorem

An old woman is a hen.

PROOF—A hen is an elderly animal (Zoology).

Women are men (they shave, they drink,
they vote, they smoke).

Man is an animal (Prop. V).

THEREFORE—Old woman is a hen (by Ax 8). Q. E.
D.

Corrolary—A young woman is a chicken.

PROBLEMS.

Exercise 3.

1. Prove "Hack" Wilson, a Cub—Can he turn
into a Tiger?
2. Is a woman a peach? Why not?
(See Pure Food Act on artificial coloring).

3. If Republicans are elephants, are Democrats mules?
4. When is a man a brick? (Consult inorganic chemistry).
5. Is "talking turkey" a new world language? (Consult Philology.)

The book certainly did what the Professor set out to do; namely, to show the virility of the American language, to justify the use of these nicknames, and to correlate and to stimulate the study of the sciences. He was sure that the faculty would vote to have the book introduced as a required text. Even then he was anxiously awaiting the news from a meeting of the faculty from which he had tactfully absented himself while the discussion of his book was underway. In his mind there was no doubt as to the outcome.

Breaking in on his thoughts came a fellow professor from the meeting. "Too bad, Crane, but the faculty voted your book against the religion of the Hallelujahans, and ousted you from the cult for teaching such things as a man being a bear. Its policy has been to keep clear from evolution as well as politics. It has sent me to demand your immediate resignation."

The news was a distinct shock to Professor Crane. When his colleague had left, he sat down and wept like a baby. Here he had crowned his life's work—written his book—only to have it banned, and to have himself ostracized from cult and profession. Oh what a plunge from the peaks of happiness to the depths of despair. Perhaps he could prevent his book from being printed, and so at least avoid the stigma of spreading false doctrines. Yes, he might call up the publishers to have them stop the books. It would be an easy thing he figured,

considering the hesitancy with which they had accepted the manuscript. He called up only to have his last hopes dashed.

"What's that, you say the book has been banned?" inquired the publisher.

"Yes, and I wish—I beg, that you stop the printing of it," pleaded the Professor.

"Another best seller!" said the publisher to himself; but to the Professor he said more sympathetically: "Sorry, Professor Crane, but your book is already in the thousands of copies and on its way to the book dealers. Our contracts with the dealers take the matter entirely out of our hands. You may expect some nice royalties."

Sadly Professor Alonsus Bartholomew Crane hung up the receiver. He was an outcast from the Hallelujahans and he felt as dismal as any man could feel.

Another three months had passed. It was then January. Professor Crane was a decided success—he did not think so but the public did. His name was on everyone's lips, and his book could be found everywhere—on street cars, in clubs, in homes, in libraries. Publishers' latest announcements were that up to date, one hundred and forty-three schools and colleges had adopted it. "Modern Geometry," as the public called it, was the greatest fad since crossword puzzles. Everyone was studying it, and laughing, and learning. The eighth edition had just taken it over the million mark and its sales were only beginning. The Professor had become worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. Certainly a feat of which anyone could be justly proud.

But Professor Alonsus Bartholomew Crane was disconsolate. He was still out of the Hallelujahans, no longer a professor—alone in the world. Gone were

the days of old when he could sit in his cozy study and, becoming depressed, get consolation from his fellow Hallelujahans. Oh, if he could only have gotten back to Hallelujah!

If he only knew it! For three months the president of Hallelujah had been kicking himself for "kicking out" Professor Crane; if he had not kicked him out, the Hallelujahans would have all been rich. But, as is the irony of fate: neither the Professor nor the president suspected the true sentiments of the other; so both were unhappy.

Professor Crane, however, could no longer stand it—he was determined to end it all. The plaudits of the multitude only increased his agony. Like the prodigal son, he would go back to his father's house, and cast himself at the feet of the president of the Hallelujahans. As an outsider he was ushered into the familiar office of the president. In spite of the coldness of the reception, he unburdened his heart to its innermost recesses. The shrewd president, perceiving that he held the upper hand, lost no time in taking advantage of the situation and in telling the Professor that the offense was an unpardonable one in the eyes of the Hallelujahans.

"But can you not give me some consolation? is there no mercy? I'll do anything to be readmitted," pleaded the Professor.

The president had not the least intention of "straining the quality of mercy" in any way. Too well he saw the possibility of its double blessing; but he was not a man to be satisfied with a gentle rain; no, not when there were indications for a general shower. "I'll do anything to be readmitted to Hallelujah" from the mouth of Professor Crane, sounded like the opening of the floodgates even then.

"Well, Brother Crane," he spoke up without any

further hesitancy, "in consideration of your past noble services, I have decided that the Hallelujahans will decide to condone your offense and reinstate you to your former position of honor, provided, of course, you are sorry for having written your vulgar book. To show your sincerity in the matter, I take it, you will not object to turning over to me all your proceeds up-to-date and the royalties of the future. Surely you could not feel satisfied with this filthy lucre in your possession."

Tears of happiness rolled down the Professor's cheeks as he hastily signed the document that transferred all his tainted property to the president and readmitted him to the fellowship of the Halleujahans, where he could again be happy and contented.

In the meantime, the world is enjoying his book; the Hallelujahans are enjoying the book's money; and the Professor, "In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced," has written his book and is no longer bothered by ideas.

—Warren C. Abrahamson, '31.

The Mysterious Fern

Upon the magnificent mausoleum of a daring hero, whom French historians have called Charles the Bold, a flower pot could be seen towards the close of the fifteenth century on the bowl of which the puzzling inscription, "Charles the Conquered," held its place. The flower pot contained a fern which seemingly was intended as a token of honor and respect for the remains of the hero that lay in the mausoleum, but who placed the flower pot with its fern on that tomb, or whose hand wrought the sinister inscription on the bowl of the flower pot was not

known at that remote time, and is a matter of speculation even down to the present day.

Chroniclers, indeed, have added their mite towards solving the mystery of both fern and flower pot, and it is from their annals that facts may be gleaned concerning Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, which may aid in gaining at least a partial understanding of the meaning connected with the plant and the curiously inscribed pot in which it grew. It is definitely stated that the Duke sought to conquer the old land of Lorraine in order that he might unite his rather scattered dominions. But Lorraine belonged to the King of France; to get it meant open warfare. Could this fact daunt the doughty Duke? No, not even if it implied coming to blows with Louis XI, who was King of France at that time.

The Duke was known to be a bold warrior; the King was known to be a cunning politician. To make the Duke over-bold was the crafty design of Louis. In this he succeeded. They crossed swords in the year 1477 with the result that the Duke lay dead on the field. These events, however, had been preceded by several years of intense political intrigue and much wrangling in which the Duke for the major part of the time had the upper hand, and of which he was nearly always the instigator. His relation to the King demanded submission and loyalty inasmuch as he was a vassal to the crown, albeit one of the most powerful among all the royal vassals, but his personal ambition would give him no rest. It was this vice that forced him into enmity with the King with the consequence that the King was constrained to keep close surveillance over the movements and plans of his restless vassal. In this matter extreme caution and shrewd procedure were necessary, but

Louis XI, the most cunning of kings, was well equal to this task.

Assuming tactics that resembled the manners of a fox rather than those of a lion, the King pressed into his service a personage whose position would not allow anyone to suspect him of machinations. This particular individual was the royal barber upon whom now devolved the important duty to detect the plans and intentions of the fierce Duke. Although the barber's chief employment was to shave the beard and powder the wig of his royal master, he, nevertheless, cheerfully extended his services to members of the King's court in general. Among the courtiers that patronized the barber, there were many who secretly loved and admired the bold Duke, and in the course of conventional barber-shop talk, many a secret of state was unwittingly betrayed. Ever on the alert to catch a chance phrase of some import, the barber himself played the role of a sly listener. To convey what he had learned to his royal master, however, required rather crude means, as the barber was ignorant, and could neither read nor write. This deficiency in him was more than offset by his remarkable skill in drawing portraits by which means he could transmit impressions and messages in an altogether unmistakable fashion.

When for some reason or other Duke Charles the Bold felt strongly inclined to make war on the King, he would, according to custom, send a knight to the royal palace with a message to challenge the King to battle. Conscious of his high position the knight, on these occasions, would ride to the palace, and upon arriving would blow several loud blasts on his bugle that suggested a defiant attitude, would demand that the drawbridge be lowered and the portcullis be raised in order that he might have im-

mediate access to the royal chambers. Coming into the presence of the King, he would deliver his message in the form of an insulting harangue, and, to bring matters to a dramatic climax, would fling his iron gauntlet rattling to the floor with a challenge that the King should pick it up. Immediately the hundred guardsmen about the King would send their swords in a flash from the scabbards and would direct a hundred bright, sharp points bristling towards the insolent knight. But the King would not pick up the gauntlet. Instead of doing so, he would bow his head, turn away while rubbing his hands helplessly and would finally eye the messenger with a look of despair. "Coward," was the parting word flung at him by the knight, who then left the palace brusquely and returned to the Duke to inform him that the King was a weakling. In all these demonstrations it was the intention of the King to make the Duke over-bold, and the scheme worked admirably.

After scenes of this nature had occurred at the palace it soon came to pass quite regularly that a fern of large growth and of great beauty made its appearance at the entrance of the King's chambers. Very soon it disappeared, only to show itself again after a visit from the knight sent by the Duke of Burgundy. Matters grew continuously worse between the King and the Duke. Visits from the Duke's messenger came to be more frequent and more insolent, and after each of these visits, the fern played its mysterious role.

Now it happened quite incidentally towards evening of one particular day on which the King had been visited by the Duke's messenger that the royal barber made it his business to use his shears to prune and trim the fern after it had been placed

in its usual position at the doors of the King's chambers. He believed himself quite safe at his employment at this late hour of the day. What must have been his surprise when of a sudden the doors opened, and the wife of Louis, the Queen, namely, made her appearance? She was about to leave the palace for a drive, but seeing the barber at a place where royal custom forbade his presence she regarded him with haughty mien and snapped these words at him: "You naughty rascal, what are you doing here?" Not in the least daunted by her temper, the barber retorted: "Madame, it is my fancy to trim this fern. I trim beards, wigs, hair, and my shears are quite sharp enough to shorten unwise noses. Even my razors that shave so well by day time, might at night very well, aye, cut throats!" Pale with anger the Queen turned to her guards and commanded: "Drive this villain from the palace! But hold," she said catching her breath, "this flower pot seems to serve the purpose of a letter box!" The barber heard her words. He knew that the message destined for the King had now come into her hands. Fearing detection he dared make no appeal. Besides he was given no time, for the guards obeying the command of the Queen unceremoniously thrust him out of the palace gates.

If ever a spy found himself perplexed, such was now the poor barber. The rumble of the wheels of the Queen's carriage had hardly died away, when he set himself to solving the difficult problem as to how the very important letter might be recovered. Another letter might easily be prepared for the King, but the light-hearted Queen must not have the one now in her possession. It would be more than likely that induced by inquisitiveness, she would exhibit the letter to others in order to get at the meaning

of all that the curious letter contained. Being ignorant of the political conditions that prevailed at the court, the Queen might, very stupidly, show the letter to such courtiers as secretly favored the cause of the Duke. Come what might, the letter must be redeemed from her possession.

At length the barber hit on a plan. In accordance with custom, it was permitted to hold a revel after the late evening meal in the dining hall of the palace. Such a revel must be held that very evening, the barber decided. As even menials were allowed to join in these revels, the matter was soon arranged. But the barber realized that it must be an interesting revel, such as would most completely absorb the attention of all who might be present. He knew that the Queen was fond of dancing, and above all interested in novel dances. A novel dance, therefore, was to be staged, and to excite curiosity, it was called "The Dance of the Savages." In this dance six men were to appear disguised as gorillas; five of them to be chained together, while the sixth one was to lead them in the performance. It was the barber's intention to have the five chained fellows come to a fight, while he himself, as the one unchained performer was to try all means to subdue them. In the scuffle that was to ensue, the chain was to be broken and the would-be savages were to make their way among the crowd, and to make attempts at stealing purses and other valuables. The barber, of course, would make for the Queen and snatch her portmanteau.

The barber regarded his scheme as being perfectly excellent. He hurriedly prepared the costumes for those who were to be his partners by taking old garments, pouring tar over them, and then covering them with the hair of wild beasts. Everything

proceeded in good order. As the evening meal came to a close, the six dancers slipped into their horrid costumes, and upon a prearranged signal, burst into the dining hall. Excitement at once rose to a high pitch. All in the room, the King and Queen among them, crowded close to see who the savages might be and how they would perform. But unfortunately for the poor savages, comedy soon turned into tragedy.

In the general eagerness that obtained to discover the identity of the dancers one of the servants brought his flambeau too near to the chained men and accidentally set fire to their costumes. In an instant the chained men were swathed in flames. Excitement now took a different turn; men rushed about trying to extinguish the fire; women shrieked and swooned, and the five men, in trying to break loose from one another, fell to the floor in a heap. They were burnt so badly that everyone of them lost his life.

Naturally, during the melee that accompanied the terrible accident, the barber found it an easy matter to snatch the portmanteau of the Queen. He literally tore it from her belt; seized the noxious letter and cast the portmanteau aside as a worthless thing. In all the turmoil that was caused by the burning of his companions, the barber did not for a moment lose his wits; his thoughts remained on the letter; what a joy it was to him to find it in his possession! Then, too, the chance was given him to slip it into the hand of the King without the least danger of being noticed. He was not slow in accomplishing this purpose. Certainly, he had hoped to serve his King without making a holocaust of his companions, but happen what might, the letter had to be rescued in order to forestall possible danger to his sovereign.

What a surprise came to the eyes of the King when, on opening the letter, he saw an exact portrait of the Duke of Burgundy that showed him in the act of sinking to the ground in a dying condition. The King understood what the drawing signified, and it was high time that this important news should come to his knowledge. His mind was now occupied by an excitement quite different from that raised by "The Dance of the Savages," for now, in his mind, he saw the dance of war.

On the day following the rather eventful evening when "The Dance of the Savages" had terminated so unfortunately, the Duke's knightly messenger had occasion for the last time to challenge the King to combat. This time when the iron gauntlet was hurled to the floor, the King picked it up and in a thundering voice replied: "Let there be war." The letter from the barber had given the proper information; the Duke had become over-bold, negligent, reckless; in fact he was poorly equipped for armed conflict. The King ordered his army to the field, and after one sharp, but brief engagement, victory came to his banners. The Duke was no more, and Burgundy passed under the dominion of the crown of France.

Sometime after the obsequies of the Duke had been held, the mysterious fern again made its appearance, but this time on the mausoleum that held the remains of the one-time Charles the Bold. As the breezes parted the fronds of the fern, another mystery made its appearance. For there on the bowl of the flower pot in which the fern grew was to be seen engraved the only epitaph that marked the tomb; it read: "Charles the Conquered." Who placed the fern in its new place, no one knew; who

had carved the inscription, was a matter of speculation,—perhaps these matters were only too well known to the sly barber and to the crafty King Louis XI of France.

—Roman Lochotzki, '28.

Catholics by Heredity

(Note: "Catholics by Heredity" won first place in the local mission essay contest.)

The year 1518 marks the permanent establishment of the Catholic Faith in Mexico. When the Spanish conquerors under the leadership of Hernando Cortez, made themselves the masters of Mexico, they found a multitude of savage tribes speaking many different tongues and indulging in the most abominable religious ceremonies. In the ranks of the Spanish conquerors were several Franciscan missionaries who immediately after the conquest was made, zealously undertook the noble task of converting the barbarous people whom they found in this strange land. Success crowned the first efforts of the Franciscans, and this success inspired the Jesuits to join the Franciscans, and to help them in their work. These two classes of missionaries, assisted by several other religious orders, labored incessantly for three centuries amid suffering and hardship.

The united efforts of the several orders, likewise, did not remain unrewarded. Towards the middle of the eighteenth century, practically all the tribes of the Eastern coast were under the Franciscans, and nearly all the tribes of the Western coast and Lower California were under the Jesuits. In less than three hundred years, therefore, the ardent and increasing

toil of the missionaries changed a whole savage nation into a civilized, peace-loving, and religious people.

But of course while the missionaries were civilizing the savage tribes, at the same time they did not in any way fail to accomplish their highest aim—namely, that of implanting the Faith. That they did not fail is clearly shown in the strong religious spirit of the Mexican people of the seventeenth century. This religious enthusiasm, perhaps, best reveals itself in the construction of many beautiful churches and cathedrals. These monuments, even though worn by the winds and rains of many centuries, still stand and bear silent witness to the fact that the forefathers of Mexico were a people in whose heart the Catholic Faith was ever burning.

The Mexican people of today, no doubt, find these monuments to be a source of great consolation in their present adversities. Even though the bells of the churches and cathedrals are silenced after nearly two hundred years of joyous ringing; and, though the Mexican be banished from his native land, nevertheless, even from his exile the Mexican can see the towers and silent bells of his beloved Faith which he inherited from his forefathers. And inspired by the thought that he is a Catholic by heredity, the Mexican, no doubt, will love his Faith all the more.

But even the firmest Catholic will fall, if he does not protect himself from the many snares that lie in his path. This, undoubtedly, will be the case with the Catholic Mexicans, who, no longer able to bear with the tyrannical rule of their government, have abandoned their native home and have chosen other countries as the land of their exile. Freedom of re-

ligious worship more than anything else induces the Mexican in particular to come to our country. But, even though the Mexicans do find freedom of worship, nevertheless, there are many obstacles that bar them from enjoying this sacred privilege. In the first place the Mexican cannot find employment to support either himself or his dependents. Secondly, he cannot understand our language, and our customs are strange to him. Under these circumstances he will look for spiritual and temporal aid; and he who grasps the outstretched hand is the one to gain his confidence.

Charity, perhaps, is the most efficacious means of gaining this confidence. The establishment of Catholic industrial schools, gymnasiums and similar institutions of charity will not only retain the Mexican in his faith, but will likewise make him a useful and progressive citizen of his adopted country. Interest and charity on the part of American Catholics will conclusively solve the important question: Will the Mexican of tomorrow be able to call himself a Catholic by heredity?

Bela Szmekko, '31.

A Missionary Martyr

(Note: "A Missionary Martyr" merited first place among the essays submitted by members of the Lower Study Hall in the local mission essay contest.)

It happens occasionally, even now in this prosaic twentieth century, that some great man surges up for a short time and touches all hearts by his deeds of charity. When such a man dies, his loss is mourn-

ed by all. Thus a pitiful cry burst forth from thousands of lips when Father Damien passed to his eternal reward.

Some years previous to his death, a little chapel was in the process of construction on the Leper Island of Molokai. This was hailed with joy by the poor lepers, but they were still lacking the services of a priest. Hearing of this, Father Damien immediately offered himself to tend to their needs. His motive for doing so was to prevent them from falling into despair, especially in their last agony. This noble and generous offer was accepted, and Father Damien soon embarked for the Hawaiian Islands. To whisper a last farewell to one's parents, knowing that one is never to see them again on this earth is surely heart-rending. Furthermore, who can realize the horror of a leper's death? Yet all this Father Damien was to undergo, and that most heroically.

Within a few short weeks, Father Damien stepped on the fertile mission soil of Molokai, never again to leave it. From the moment he arrived till the moment of his death, his life was truly isolated from the outside world. But this held no sorrows for good Father Damien. Even in his letters—his only communication with the outside world—we find him always cheerful and never complaining. While living the life of a saint he continued to teach and to console the afflicted lepers for many years. All this time he was anxiously awaiting his last hour, when, he, too, as a leper could die for Christ.

One day while cooking, Father Damien accidentally dropped boiling water on his feet. Not feeling any pain he was convinced that he had been claimed as a victim of the dreaded disease. Soon the terrible symptoms began to show themselves openly,

and in a short time he became quite disfigured. However, this did not hinder him from his daily duties, and he did not fail to celebrate Holy Mass on this account.

In the year 1880, three years after the fatal malady had appeared on him, Father Damien's strength finally broke under the strain. He was then confined to bed. Never ceasing to guide and to exhort his beloved charges, he showed, even on his death-bed, that he was at all times more concerned about them than about himself. Patient to the very end, he died peacefully and without a struggle, quite as if he had fallen asleep. And wonderful to relate, all signs of disfiguration passed from his face after his death. Thus closing, as missionary and martyr, a wonderful career of self-sacrifice, he was buried with all solemnity on the very spot which he had pointed out as his final resting place.

Urban Reichlin, '33.

In Memoriam

On Tuesday, April 24, Julius Frenzer, a member of the Senior Class of St. Joseph's College, answered the summoning call of death. Words cannot describe the shock which his untimely death occasioned. Confined to the infirmary with rheumatism for nearly three weeks, his condition seemed to improve steadily, when suddenly a relapse set in which affected his heart and caused his death. Though afflicted with severe pain, he bore all in Christian silence and peaceful resignation.

Significant as it seems, just as the bright morning sun disclosed itself on the eastern horizon, he

slept away in death to enjoy the eternal sunshine of the vision of God; just as life's buds of sincere endeavor were blossoming into fruition, God deigned to transplant them into the garden of eternity, where in beauty and fragrance, they might bloom forever. To say that the departed friend was a perfect gentleman deservedly summarizes the sterling qualities of his character. Of genial disposition and sympathetic understanding, he gained the respect and honor of all who knew him. His life, fairly over-bubbling with joy and cheerfulness, exerted a pleasant influence on his associates. Quiet and unassuming, he undertook all his work with determination and perseverance. His teachers speak of him in no uncertain terms as a conscientious student, who willingly responded to their efforts, and who gave promise of marked success in his chosen path of life.

The class of '28 especially regret his unexpected death. Almost on the eve of graduation, he left their midst, never again to assume his accustomed place in their ranks. Deprived of his genial companionship, they reluctantly and sorrowfully bid him farewell as a cherished friend and a delightful companion; as a respected classmate and a loved pal.

Funeral services were held in the College Chapel on Thursday, April 26, after which the body was taken to St. Charles Seminary, Carthagen, Ohio, for final services and interment.

To his bereaved parents and relatives, in the name of the students of St. Joseph's, in the name of the class of '28, the Collegian extends sincere and heartfelt sympathy. May his soul rest in peace.

MAYTIME

Saddest days of year are dead,
Happiness and cheer ahead;
Jealous Northwind dare not blow,
Lest he ban fair Springtime's glow.
Softly is the woodland stirred
By the warble of the bird,
Brooks new-woke their songs revive,
Ponds with frogs again alive.

Soon the violets fringe the rill,
'Neath the trees the daffodil;
Liverworts faint-hued arise,
Vie with red anemonies.
Rested oaks in beauteous morn,
Clothed anew the woods adorn;
Nature dressed in colors gay,
Drives the brooding clouds away.

Still as softly I recline,
Thoughts oft turn me to repine—
Shrubs, and songs, and brooks, and flow'rs
Perish before many hours.
Then as vagrantly I rove
In the temple of the grove,
Swiftly thoughts and spirit rise
To the Heavenly Paradise.

Where no morning, noon, or night
Will be found or autumn's blight,
Where no summer's heat will kill,
Nor the winter's frost can chill;
'Stead of ag'ing years to mourn,
Life itself will be reborn:
Seasons all must pass away,
God's own Spring alone can stay.
Virgil Graber, '31.

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It is not the object of this paper to diffuse knowledge or to convey information of general interest. The ordinary College journal is not intended to be a literary magazine, but serves to reflect college work and college life. It is edited by the students in the interest of the students and of their parents and friends. Hence, the circle of subscribers for such papers is naturally very limited, and substantial encouragement is therefore respectfully solicited for the Collegian.

Rev. Meinrad Koester, C. PP. S. -----Faculty Director

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EDITORIAL

Amid the glory and splendor of mature spring, what thoughts could more appropriately occupy the mind than those of mother? May 13 this year is nationally recognized as Mother's Day. Mother, that most significant name constitutes an epitome of joy and happiness. For her, the queen in that little domain of the family, no task is too difficult, no duty too irksome. Upon the ladder of undying love, she mounts to her spotless model, the Mother of the Divine Child. Mother, the most precious of all gifts,—what a melody of blessings the very sound awakens in the heart; what a world of thought,

what an ocean of bliss hides beneath that holy name. What tears and wakeful nights, what solicitude and self-denial, what joy and pure affection are mirrored in the profound devotion and attachment of a mother's love; a love, whose blessed glow transcends the laws of time and change and life and death. Her angelic influence and saintly carefulness has strewn the pathway of her beloved children with pearls of love and jewels of hope. Through helpless babyhood her throbbing heart offered a secure haven of rest and support; through the ills and maladies of childhood her gentle hand ministered and caressed as none other could. Baby tongues first lisp her sweet name in gratitude; the happy chime of children's voices repay her love; childhood and youth and school days are gilded with the recollection of a mother's tenderness. Maternal love!—a word that holds the key to countless blessings. No language can express fully the power and beauty and heroism of a mother's love; a love, whose balmy dew nourishes life's drooping flowers of broken hopes and shattered ideals.

“The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world;” it is the mother who moulds and fixes the destiny of the child; no one knows so well as a mother how to guide little feet. Little wonder that the poet sang,

“Poor is the immortal sculptor's art,
The painter's pencil, poet's song
Compared to her who moulds the heart
With plastic art while pure and young.”

It is the impressions of youth that count; it is the memory of whispered prayers, of bedtime stories, of old ideals, held unfalteringly before the child's

gaze; it is the half-forgotten songs and the dim visions of heroes that a mother taught her child to worship, that make the very warp and woof of the soul. "All that I am or hope to be," said Lincoln, after he had become President, "I owe to my angel mother."

Memory weaves a sanctuary of love to the holy name of mother. As life-sands flow steadily through the hour glass, the memory of mother forms the strongest link in retrospection's chain. Oh happy the hearts that realize the treasure-store of happiness and glowing fondness of a mother's love, and beat in thankfulness as that magic power directs them along the pathway of life. The sacred memory of mother and her sublime influence remain forever a vestige of happy days. The unfathomable love in her eyes, the inexpressible love and gentleness which she scattered so lavishly, the spots hallowed by her life and deeds of sacrifice—one and all are warnings never to walk astray. Perhaps, even her voice whispers from the grave, but, even though that voice is silent in death, her words re-echo in the child's living heart; even though death has sealed her eyes in eternal sleep, she is the best proof of immortality because her love is too divine to become dust. "Crowned or crucified—the same glows the flame of her deathless love divine;" may it find a faithful replica in the undying love and devotion to her from those whom she loved with an affection so loyal and pure.

Library Notes

Dwellers in glass houses are not usually the last class of people to develop a stone-throwing complex. An encyclopedia company that for a number of years has dwelt in a glass house recently cast a sizeable stone at the advertising methods of a fellow encyclopedia company. The stone was labeled "Exhibits E & F" which seemed to indicate that the Encyclopedia Britannica already had hurled "Exhibits A, B, & C" in the direction of an offending competitor, "The New International Encyclodepia." When an inquiry was made, however, the attacking company announced that "E & F" was their first stone. The rather misleading label on their missile was due, no doubt, to the same excess of zeal which appeared so reprehensible as a trait in their competitor.

Not only did "Exhibit E & F" cause the New International Encyclopedia to withdraw its offending "Guarantee" leaflet, but it also caused some librarians to look into the past history of the Encyclopedia Britannica. About ten years ago the English-speaking world was informed through a "colossal campaign of flamboyant advertising" that the Britannica was a supreme, unbiased, and international reference library—an impartial and objective review of the world. Willard Huntington Wright on comparing the published work with its advance notices was impressed to such an extent as to feel the urge to write an interesting little book entitled "Misinforming a Nation." Despite the glowing advertising blurbs of the Britannica, Mr. Wright found the encyclopedia woefully insular; he found it to be characterized by "misstatements, inexcusable omissions, personal

animosities, and gross neglect of non-British culture.”

In its handling of matters pertaining to the Catholic church, the Britannica was particularly inadequate. Although a Baptist was allowed to explain Baptist doctrine, an Episcopalian Episcopalian doctrine, a Presbyterian Presbyterian doctrine, and although even an Anarchist was allowed to explain Anarchism, many of the articles on Catholic doctrine and practice were assigned by the editors of the Britannica to non-Catholic writers. Some of these articles were offensive not only to Catholics, but also to Christians of other denominations. The article on Mary, the mother of Jesus, was offensive to others as well as to Catholics. Objectivity instead of subjectivity should be the characteristic of contributions to an encyclopedia, but in Catholic matters the Britannica editors decided that the process should be reversed. These matters were brought to the attention of the Britannica's editors, and their glaring errors were pointed out specifically, but to no avail.

As an encyclopedea is intended only for first-aid, the bibliography of any subject treated is a very important part of the article handling that subject. By appending to many articles incomplete, one-sided, and out-of-date bibliographies, the Britannica threw itself open to very serious criticism. Bibliographies such as the Britannica gave in many instances, instead of assisting the reader to expand his knowledge, served only to promote narrowness of vision.

Although the Britannica still modestly claims to be the last word in things encyclopedic, the American Library Association lists encyclopedias for general use in the following order: New International, Britannica, American, Nelson's Loose Leaf.

A relatively new encyclopedia, that now appears

in practically every public library and is referred to in almost every scholarly list of books published under the title of Bibliography in works on religion, history, philosophy, sociology, etc., is the Catholic Encyclopedia. Although to those who do not understand that Catholic means universal, the name of this encyclopedia may convey the idea of a sectarian, partisan, narrow, limited or exclusive book of reference; an inference of this nature is far from the truth. The Catholic Encyclopedia treats not only the doctrine of the Church, its canon law, liturgy, and the ecclesiastical side merely of history, but also gives the Church's full share in human life, in every field of mental and moral activity, in secular history, in all art, philosophy, science, education, and literature. Matters are handled in an objective and scholarly fashion, unpalatable facts are not glossed over or suppressed. In reaserch work of any kind, students should not neglect this work of which the Review of Reviews has said: "It is . . . a necessity for layman and non-Catholic as for priests."

Thomas Corcoran, '29.

Exchanges

Several very flattering reviews, appearing in the late numbers of our exchanges, serve as an encouraging stamp of approval upon the work of the staff, as it prepares to surrender its duties to younger and more energetic successors. We are particularly indebted to the **Tower**, **Gothic**, and the **Marymount College Sunflower**.

We shall devote this final review to the exchanges which we have thus far neglected, as well as to a few outstanding magazines, which, we be-

lieve, deserve a second mention. In order to avoid the mere repetition of the opinions expressed in our first review, we have solicited the help of a non-staff member, who offers the following comments:

The feeling and spirit that pervade the *Marian*, St. Mary's High School, Columbus, Ohio, is its striking quality—a quality probably augmented in the last issue by the fact that it was the work of the departing class of '28. The appreciation of Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" was especially delightful.

The *Gothic*, published by the Seminarians of the Sacred Heart, Detroit, Michigan, has showed throughout the year constant improvement in literary caliber. The page entitled "Drama" is a unique advance in the work of college journalism. The articles imply a deep interest in and understanding of literary subjects. Yet they do not leave us stranded in ancient or mediæval interests, but launch us into the broad ocean of present day problems, which are treated from the correct perspective. The sport section of the *Gothic* is a model in this field.

The *Rensselaerien*, Rensselaer, Indiana, is a school publication characterized by pep. Most of the articles are written in a terse, clear, and journalistic style. Our sole regret is, that its contributors devote too little space to literary topics.

The *Purple and White*, Assumption College, Sandwich, Ontario, hints to an intimate relation between the students and the alumni of Assumption College—a fact that imparts a commendable spirit to this fortnightly visitor. The author of "Read but Read Carefully" deserves to be congratulated for the skillful manner in which he developed this article. The tone of self-satisfaction which we find in the *Purple and White* proves that the latter is the type

of paper that both the students and the alumni favor and support.

The Tower, a bi-monthly publication from St. Lawrence College, Mt. Calvary, Wisconsin, is a mine of literary achievement. The editorials are outstanding; and evidently, other contributors have resolved that the editorials shall not be the sole merit of the paper. The result is a compact, well-arranged publication. The deep and enthusiastic religious spirit that shines forth from all its pages is inspiring.

The last number of the **Echo**, Wilson High School, Easton, Pennsylvania, was singularly rich in well developed stories. Chief among these was "Konro" an absorbing short-story. The poems contributed to the "Echo" might be more painstakingly constructed.

Locals

Recent visitors at the College were: The Rev. Isidore Stadtherr, C. PP. S., Whiting, Ind.; The Rev. Maximilian Walz, C. PP. S., Rome City, Ind.; Mr. Henry Hipkind, Wabash, Ind.; Mr. Alexander Cook, '98, Wolf Point, Montana.

Due to the rapidly increasing number of students who were accepted as temporary inmates of the infirmary, the Third Quarterly Examinations had to be suspended. Will anybody decide whether or not the fact that a goodly number of students very quickly returned to their respective places in the study halls when the good news regarding the suspension of examinations became known, has any significance? Of course old man, La Grippe, took these students

in charge for some days, but his hold on them was soon very effectively loosened by the medicine, "No Examinations." Well, all have long since recovered from their ailments, and the incident now lives only in memory.

There were no classes from the noon of Tuesday, April twenty-fourth until the following Thursday afternoon. The reason for this pleasant intermission is due to the fact that a General Conference of all the priests of the Congregation of the Most Precious Blood was announced for April twenty-fifth to convene at Carthagen, Ohio. The date, being the Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, a Solemn High Mass was celebrated in the College chapel. An interesting baseball game beguiled the remainder of the morning. Solemn Benediction in the afternoon was followed by more outdoor sports. During these holidays many tennis teams perfected their game in preparation for the annual tournament which is now in full swing. On Thursday morning there was a Solemn Funeral Mass for Julius Frenzer. As one after the other of the professors returned, classes were renewed with an intensity which suggested a desire to recover the time lost.

The second annual College Department banquet was enjoyed on Sunday, April twenty-ninth, in the local dining hall. As the Cheer of last year stated, the success of this affair mostly depends upon the classes participating in the festivities. The prevalent opinion seems to be that the increased success of this year's banquet will insure the continuation of the practice. After a meal which was more than sumptuous, to say the least, Cornelius Heringhaus, acting as toastmaster as well as student manager of

athletics, awarded letters to the Fifth Class team as testimony of their basketball championship. Manager Ryan spoke a few words well suited to the occasion, in which he recounted his team's victories and their unusual habit of winning games by a very small margin. Several other interesting and amusing talks having been heard, Joseph Schill, in a nicely delivered speech bid farewell to the outgoing Senior Class and wished them well in their future studies. The committee for the affair headed by Thomas Grotenrath, '28 and Joseph Norton, '28 must be commended for making suitable arrangements and for the fine time which they, with painstaking care, prepared.

Tuesday and Wednesday, May 8 and 9, marked the annual Homecoming Days at St. Joseph's College. With deep interest and sincere pleasure, St. Joseph's College extended to her Alumni a most hearty welcome. The days of reunion proved exceptionally enjoyable, as schoolmates met once more to renew old friendships and to recount the pleasures of their college days. The variety of entertainment prepared for the occasion began in the afternoon of May 8 with a band concert. The band members, under the direction of Professor Paul C. Tonner deserve praise for their commendable presentations in the course of the afternoon.

The students of instrumental and vocal music entertained the Alumni in the evening of May 8 with the annual Musicale. The program contained the cream of music endeavor and achievement—a most enjoyable succession of solo presentations, orchestral selections, and chorus renditions. It is impossible to treat individually the various numbers of the program; suffice it to say that few entertainments in the local auditorium found more ready acceptance in

comparison with this year's Musicale. Especially pleasing was the opening number, Ruy Blas, by the orchestra, together with the solos that followed. The vocal selections by the quartet and chorus were truly artistic. The program outline gives but an inkling to the merit of the evening's entertainment.

PROGRAM

Overture, RUY BLAS op. 95	-----Mendelssohn
(College Orchestra)	
Piano Concerto op. 22	-----Mendelssohn
(Soloist, Paul Knapke)	
Liebesfreud, Violin Solo	-----Kreisler
(Soloist, Francis Weiner)	
Addah Polka, Trumpet Solo	-----Losey
(Soloist, Barth. Strickler)	
Rubata, Saxophone Solo	-----Wiedhoeft
(Soloist, James Maloney)	
Accompaniment to Solos by the Orchestra	
Paul C. Tonner, Director.	

A Humorous Musical Sketch

"Another Tale to Tell" by Vocal Quartette

Lord Clayton	-----Robert Koch (Baritone)
John Witmark	-----Harold Diller (Bass)
Prof. Sullivan	-----James Stapleton (2nd Tenor)
Quincy, Esquire	-----Charles Baron (1st Tenor)

Chorus of Sixty-five Voices

Soldiers' Chorus, from Opera Faust	-----Gounod
Ave Maria—(Soloist, Charles Baron)	-----Abt
Largo from the Opera, Xerxes	-----Handel

Chorus of Eighty-five Voices

Rockaby, Lullaby	-----Nichol
------------------	-------------

Ave Maris Stella ----- Klein
 The Heavens are Telling ----- Beethoven
 (Piano accompaniment by Cornelius Heringhaus)
 Rev. Eugene A. Omler, Director.

On Wednesday morning at eight o'clock a Solemn Requiem Mass was chanted for the deceased members of the Alumni Association. The Rev. Henry Hoerstmann as celebrant, was assisted by the Rev. Carl Goeckler, the Rev. Leo Pursley, and the Rev. Sylvester Ley, C. PP. S. as deacon, sub-deacon, and master of ceremonies respectively.

After four and a half innings the baseball game which occupied the remainder of the morning resulted in a scoreless tie. The game proved to be a pitchers' duel between Sal Dreiling on the College team, and Tom Neff on the Alumni side. Both pitchers allowed but two hits. The College threatened to score when Herod advanced on Barge's hit, but a neat throw from left field caught him at the plate.

The banquet of the Alumni Association was marked by genuine interest and enjoyment. The orchestra furnished the music for the occasion. The following officers were re-elected:

President	-----	Mr. Lou M. Nagelson
First Vice-President	-----	Rev. Henry Hoerstmann
Second Vice-President	-----	Rev. Robert Halpin
Secretary	-----	Mr. J. Henry Hipskind
Historian	-----	Rev. M. B. Koester, C. PP. S.
Executive Committee	{	-----Rev. Edward Vurpillat
		-----Mr. J. Kolman Reppa.

The judges elected for this year's Alumni Essay Contest were: the Rev. Leo Pursley, the Rev. Carl Holsinger, and the Rev. Anthony Nadolny.

St. Joseph's College was honored recently by the visit of the Right Rev. John Francis Noll, Bishop of Fort Wayne. The free-day consequent upon his visit was spent in various ways in accordance with the tastes of St. Joseph's students.

Alumni Notes

The joys of the Easter season were augmented for St. Joseph's as they found expression in the newly installed electrical chimes. At the offertory the resonant notes of the five chambers echoed through the chapel for the first time. While the gilded pipes of the chimes themselves are ornamental in their position to the left of the main altar, the beautiful timber of the tonal issue blends perfectly with the sacredness and solemnity of the hour which they announce. The chimes are controlled by buttons encased at a convenient spot on the altar step. St. Joseph's is sincerely grateful and deeply indebted to Joseph Bechtold for his generosity in donating these electrical chimes.

The Rev. Henry Beuke C. PP. S. was one of the most distinguished of the recent visitors who smiled upon St. Joseph's by their gracious presence. Although Father Beuke is a priest of comparatively few years, yet the outstanding merit of his personal endeavors has stamped him as a very successful missionary.

A star of the first magnitude in the Alumni firmament is the name of George J. Arnold. The Alumni manifested their respect and regard of Mr. Arnold when they chose him as their president. Mr. Nagelsen, however, has since succeeded him in that capacity. As a man of remarkable energy and talent Mr. Arnold has risen rapidly in the business world.

His ability as a leader has secured for him executive positions of responsibility. At present Mr. Arnold is vice-president of the Van Schweringen Railroad Co.

Societies

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

A very interesting as well as varied program was presented by the C. L. S. on Sunday, April 29. The opening musical number by the college band was so excellently and so pleasingly rendered that generous and prolonged applause greeted the final wave of the baton. The musical element was, in fact, a very delightful part of the evening's entertainment. After a few introductory remarks by the president of the society, Caspar Heimann, Thomas Grotenrath held the attention of the audience with a very praiseworthy delivery of his oration entitled "The American Catholic." A debate of marked interest and enjoyment followed. Othmar Missler on the affirmative, and Andrew Pollak on the negative debated the proposition, resolved that the governmental principles of Mussolini are unjustifiable. The judges awarded the decision to Andrew Pollak. Subsequent to a second musical selection, Joseph Shenk very creditably interpreted the appealing monologue, "Buddy and Waffles." John Wissert next impersonated a misplaced, yet humorous rustic in the laughter-evoking monologue, "Obediah from Pickle Junction." After a concluding number by the band, the program terminated with an interesting dialogue comediotta entitled "Old Cronies" in which Wilfred Druffel as Dr. Jacks, the lexicographer, and Charles Baron as Captain Pigeon, co-starred in their laudable dramatic efforts.

NEWMAN CLUB

Upon a wave of laughter that heaved and swelled with the emotional fluctuations of the play, the Newman Club on April 24, triumphantly sailed into the golden harbour of dramatic success aboard the good ship "Never Touched Me," a ship that will remain enthroned in the memories of those who witnessed its voyage. Looking over the achievements of the Newmans, their presentation of "Never Touched Me" was eagerly anticipated, and the success which marks this effort places it on a very high standard, far above other presentations of the Newman Club in recent years. With true determination and real talent, the cast of "Never Touched Me" accomplished the unexpected; They not only held the strict attention of the audience, but they made that audience either wriggle with genuine laughter or gasp for breath with tense excitement, as the action of the play progressed.

The dramatic role of Venderberg, the determined broker with a sense of humor, was successfully carried by Thomas Durkin. The player of this role deserves special commendation for his consistent and pleasing impersonation. Dr. Digby, the tried and hearty friend of Venderberg, was laubably impersonated by John Kraus. Walter Junk portrayed the crooked and revengeful broker, John Cullen, with striking vividness. Hearty congratulations are extended to Elmer Buller in recognition of his excellent characterization of Professor Barrett. While Bill the Butch, played effectively by Michael Vanecko, cast a sinister shadow over the life of Venderberg, he also evoked hearty laughter from the audience. John Huzvar, as Clancy the cop, afforded abundant laughter while he occupied the stage. Joseph Weigel, as the interne, Arnold, who arrived with the import-

ant wig, merits his share of credit for the success of the play. John Baechle carried the principal feminine lead of Joyce Barrett with promising talent. Virgil Van Oss is deserving of high praise in view of his pleasing interpretation of Joyce's friend, Millie.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Doctor Digby, a young physician -----	John Kraus
John Cullen, a broker -----	Walter Junk
Professor Barrett, an experimental chemist -----	
-----	Elmer Buller
Venderberg, a broker who is broke ---	Thomas Durkin
Bill the Butch, a burglar -----	Michael Vanecko
Arnold, an interne -----	Joseph Weigel
Clancy, a cop -----	John Huzvar

DWENGER MISSION UNIT

The attendance of non-members as well as of members augmented the spirit and pep of the meeting of the Dwenger Mission Unit held April 7. In the absence of the president, Edward Siegman, Joseph Schill, the vice-president, officiated very ably as presiding chairman. Interest centered in the results of the essay contest sponsored by the Unit. The decision of the judges awarded first prize to Bela Szmekto. First prizes among the various classes were conferred upon Thomas Grotenrath, sixth class; Michael Walz, fifth class; Thomas Durkin, fourth class; Ralph Boker, third class; Francis Gengler, second class; and Urban Reichlin, first class. Several officers, belonging to the college department, who won prizes, withdrew their names in favor of the winners announced. An interesting and inspiring movie of considerable length, depicting Grecian and Egyptian scenery, served appropriately to close the evening's activities.

RALEIGH CLUB

As a source of merriment for the older members and an emblem of terror for the newly-enrolled, the initiation constituted the chief item of interest in Raleigh Club activities during the past month. With a novel plan of procedure the capable committee conducted a very effective initiation. Inspired with fear and misgiving by the cruel forebodings of the royal officers of torture, the seventeen initiates were led to their destination along the rocky road of torment. That destination, however, was bravely sought and happily attained by the "dumb-bells." An investigation has not disclosed any physical after-effects sustained by the victims. The newly initiated will more thoroughly appreciate the privilege of treading within the sanctum of the Club, especially now that the warm weather permits the enjoyment of smoking in the Raleigh Grove.

Athletics

SENIOR LEAGUE

	W	L	Pct.
Sixths -----	2	0	1000
Fifths -----	2	0	1000
Fourths -----	1	1	500
Thirds -----	0	2	000
Seconds -----	0	2	000

Fourths 14—Seconds 2. With Sal Dreiling pitching airtight ball, the Fourths had little difficulty in trouncing the Seconds 14 to 2. The Seconds went scoreless for eight innings, but in the ninth frame Lanoue and Stricker crossed the plate for their two runs.

Fifths 4—Thirds 3. In a hard fought game, the Fifths came out leading the Thirds 4 to 3. Barge

kept the Thirds guessing with his southpaw slants, while his teammates backed him in good style. For the Thirds, Stock and Bonny Dreiling proved to be an ideal battery, but rather loose playing by the Third year infield accounted for their defeat.

Sixths 9—Seconds 3. The Sixths opened the season with a clement victory, defeating the Seconds 9 to 3. For the winners, Mgr. Connor, Bill Meyer, and Heimann played good games. The Seconds failed to rally after their first defeat, allowing several serious errors to occur.

Fifths 6—Fourth 3. Playing a good clean game, the Fifths and Fourths battled for seven innings with the Fifths emerging victorious. Barge's home run, a hard line drive into right field, was the feature of the game. For the Fourths, Captain Herod played errorless ball at first, while Weigel was the leading hitter of the day with three singles to his credit.

Sixths 3—Thirds 1. The Sixths nosed out the Thirds in a hard fought game, winning 3 to 1. For the Sixths Druffel and Shenk did some nice work at bat. Tatar and Duray of the Thirds played good fielding games.

JUNIOR LEAGUE

	W	L	Pct.
Sluggers -----	2	0	1000
College Boosters -----	1	1	500
Colonels -----	1	1	500
Majors -----	1	1	500
Badgers -----	0	2	000

Colonels 15—Badgers 8. In the opening game of the Junior circuit, the Colonels had little difficulty in defeating the Badgers 15 to 8. The pitching of Senzig was the feature of the game. For the Bad-

gers, I. Vichuras played a good field game.

College Boosters 8—Majors 6. Pushing four runs over the plate in the third inning, the College Boosters were able to defeat the Majors, 8 to 6. In the last inning of the game, the Majors scored three runs, making a strong bid for victory, but Reino fanned for the last out.

Sluggers 17—Badgers 11. Due to errors on the part of the Badgers, the Sluggers sailed away with an easy victory, 17 to 11. Frechette and Derry, battery for the winners, performed in big league style.

Majors 6—Colonels 3. Collecting five runs in the first two innings, the Majors had easy sailing, defeating the Colonels 6 to 3. Greenwell, hurling for the winners, was in tip-top shape, allowing but two hits. For the losers, C. Maloney and Pete Senzig played good ball.

Sluggers 13—College Boosters 7. With Frechette pitching airtight ball, the Sluggers won an easy victory over the College Boosters, 13 to 7. Derry's circuit drive into the tennis courts was the feature of the game.

Free Air---Hot and Otherwise

First Student: "I read your essay but how did you guess that Byron wrote his first volume of poems while he was in college?"

Second Student: "That's easy. He named it "Hours of Idleness."

Waiter: "How did you find the chicken?"

Customer: "I believe that chicken just forgot to relax its muscles when it died."

Pat: "My father is in politics."

John: "I thought you were Irish."

Greenwell: "Did you get all the questions in that exam?"

Bubala: "Yeah, all the questions."

Miller: "How are you sitting for the exams?"

Miles: "In the saddle with my feet in the stirrups."

Conductor: "You cannot smoke in here."

Passenger: "I'm not smoking."

Conductor: "But you've got your pipe in your mouth."

Pass: "Yes, and you've got your pants on, but you're not panting."

Reineck: "Pass your exam?"

Duray: "Well it was like this—"

Reineck: "That's all right; I didn't either."

Graduate: "Will you pay me what I'm worth?"

Employer: "I'll do better than that; I'll give you a small salary to start on."

"Did you ever hear of Wilson?"

"No."

"Taft?"

"No."

"Cleveland?"

"Was his last name Ohio?"

Jim says he once knew a Scotchman who would never smoke a cigarette with his gloves on. He said he did not like the smell of burning leather.

A Knight of the Highway: "Good morning, my good lady, may I cut your grass for my dinner?"

The Good Lady: "You may eat it just as it is, if you prefer."

Vogus: (while camping) "Where will you bathe?"

Keefe: "In the spring."

V: "I didn't say when; I said where."

He: (at the dance) "Will you dance?"

She: "It's all the same to me."

He: "Yes, I've noticed that."

Teacher: "Johnnie, give me a sentence with the word veterinary."

Johnnie: "He gave the veteran nary a nickle."

Neighbor: "How many sons have you, Jones?"

Jones: "Two living, and one that became a saxophone player."

"Did you ever see Marion Talley?"

"No, I never play bridge."

"Gosh, all hemlock!" sighed Socrates as he eyed the fatal cup.

If you want your dreams to come true you must wake up.

Teacher: "Who can give me a sentence with the word analysis in it?"

Jimmie: "I've got one: Mary is my friend, analysis her sister."

Prof: "It gives me great pleasure to give you an 85 on your recent exam."

Student: "Why not make it 95 and get a big thrill out of it?"

Rastus: "Here's that quatah ah borrowed from you last yeah."

Snowball: "That quatah's been gone so long that ah don't know whether it's worth two bits to change my opinion of you."

"Waiter, this knife is dull and this steak is like leather."

"How would it do to strop the knife on the steak, sir?"

When you lose your head hold your tongue.

If anticipation is half the pleasure, then satisfaction over a task well-done is the other half.

Smile often. It helps the sun to warm the earth.

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